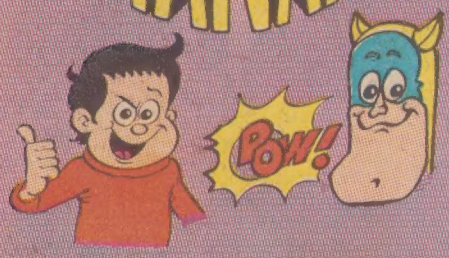
NUTTY

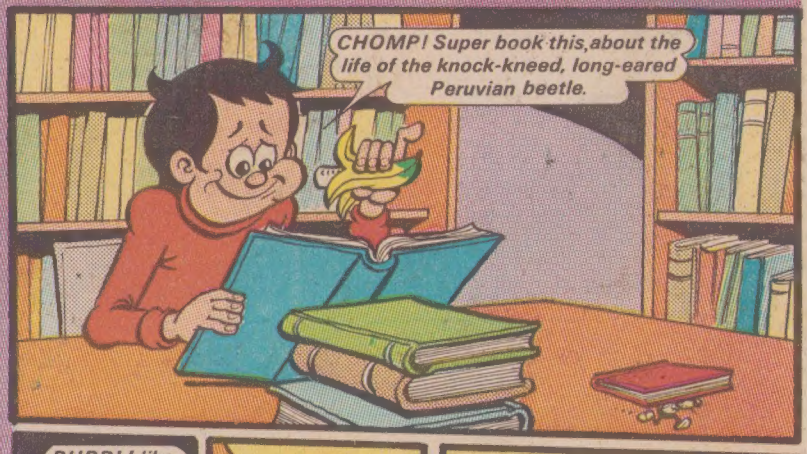
18p
IR 29p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 251 Dec. 1st, 1984

THE COMIC WITH YOUR TV STAR

BANANAMAN



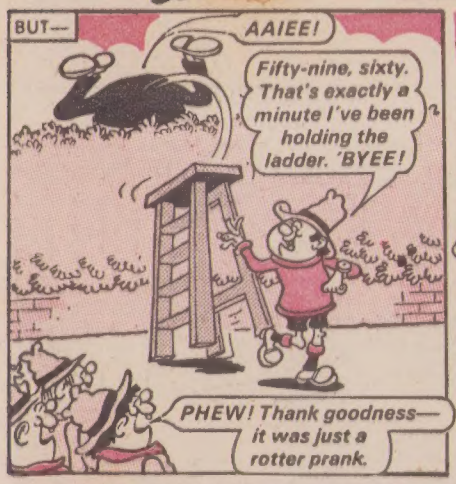


SQUEAK! Yes, the job's yours— you've talked me into it. The pay's a million pounds a week with fifty-one weeks' holiday.
Not bad— I'll start yesterday.
CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

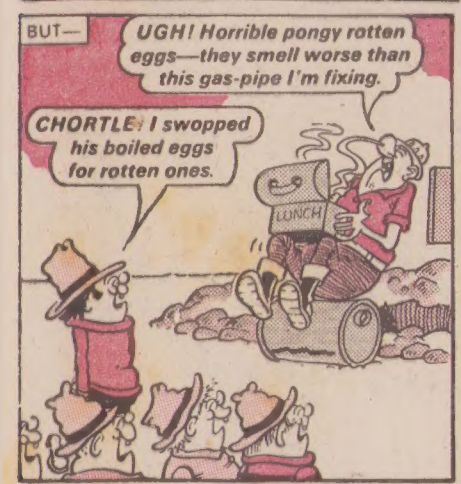
JAY R. HOOD

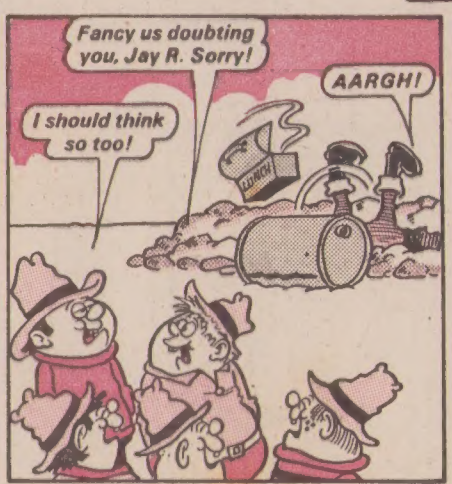
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

Would you mind holding my ladder steady for a minute while I finish this job, sonny?
Why, I'd be delighted Mr Hedge-trimmer, sir.


BUT—
AAIEE!
Fifty-nine, sixty. That's exactly a minute I've been holding the ladder. 'BYEE!
PHEW! Thank goodness— it was just a rotter prank.

SOON—
Hi, Jay R. Thanks for bringing me my lunch box earlier. Fancy me forgetting that.
No bother, Mr Gubbins.
ROAD WORKS
LUNCH
He IS being good.
I knew it. He must be ill.


BUT—
UGH! Horrible pongy rotten eggs—they smell worse than this gas-pipe I'm fixing.
CHORTLE! I swopped his boiled eggs for rotten ones.
LUNCH



PETER Pest

Sigh! My new boyfriend is a campanologist.
Coo!
IMPRESSED!

What is Peter looking for in the loft?
THUD! THUMP!

LATER—
I hope your boyfriend is impressed with my CAMPING stuff.
Hee! Hee!

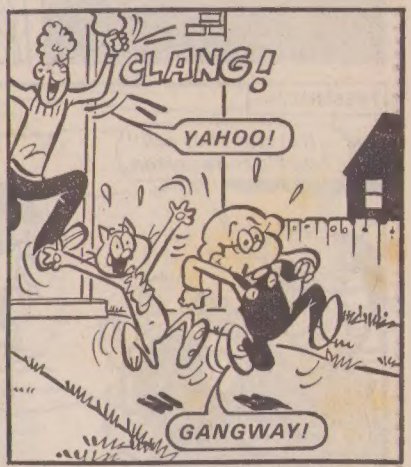
Peter got his camping gear out when he heard you were a campanologist, Rodney.

Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! What a twit!

Ignorant urchin! A campanologist is a bell ringer.
CLANG! DONG!
EEEK! Whatta noise!
CLANG! CLANG!

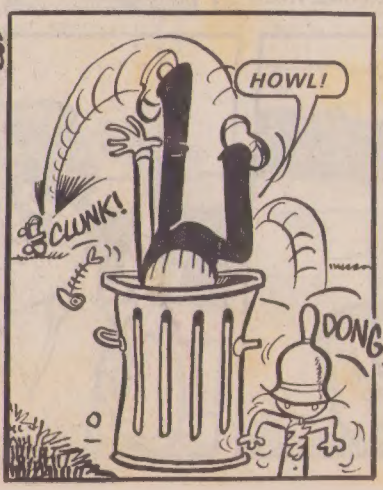
I'll get my ball and play well away from the noisy twerp.

HIYA, PETER!
CLANG! CLANG!


CLANG!
YAHOO!
GANGWAY!

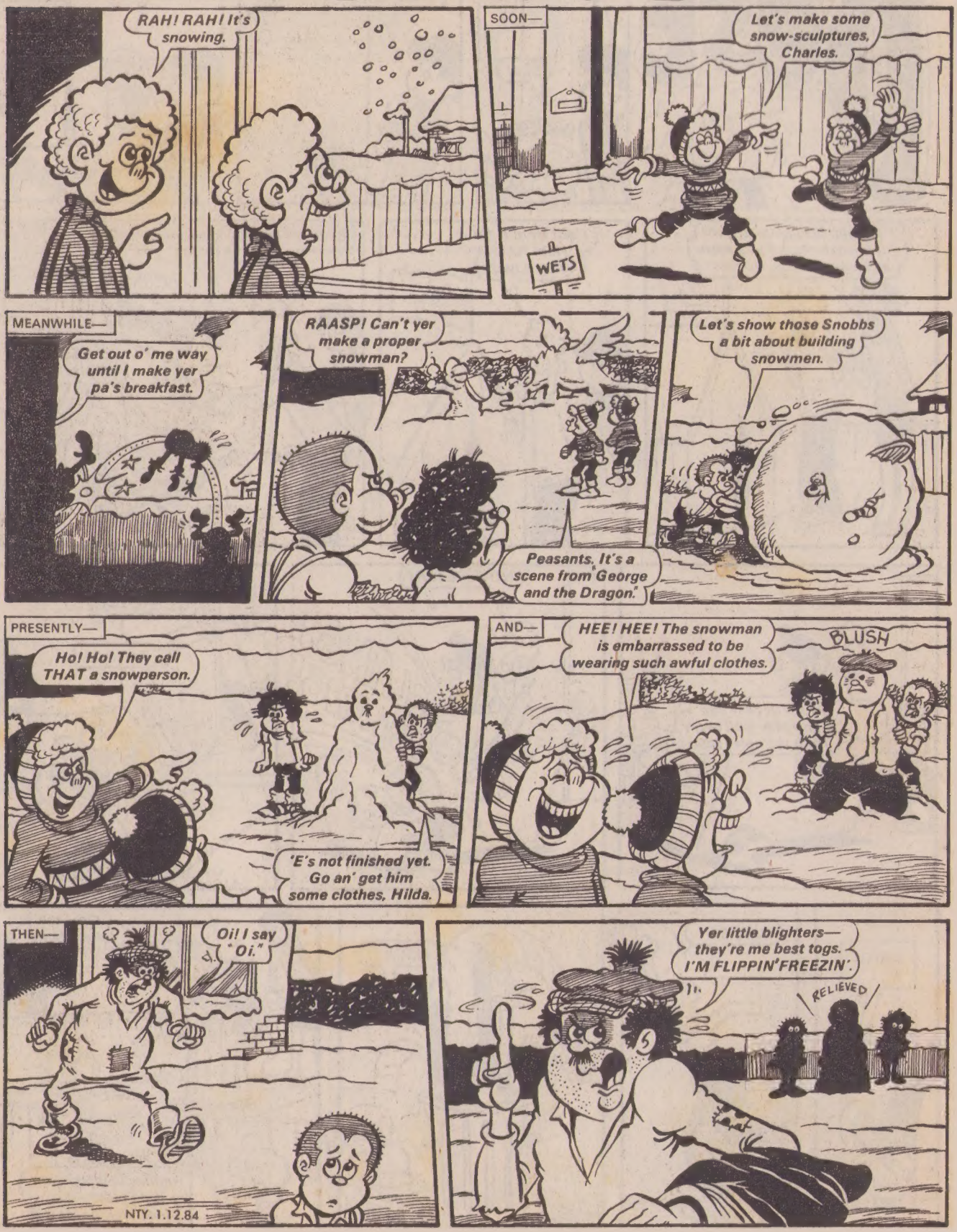
WATCH IT!
NTY. 1.12.84

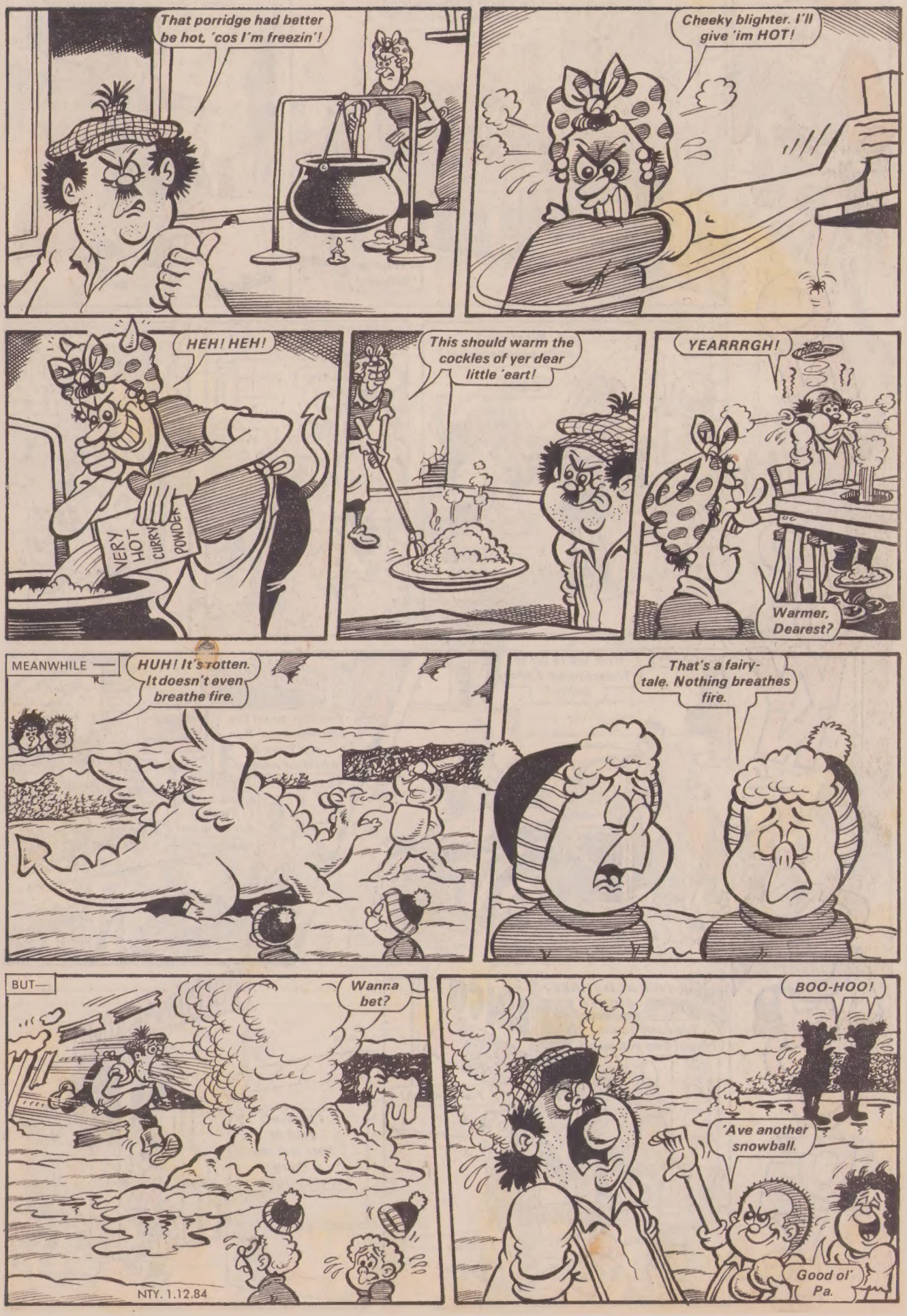
SCREAM!
ZOOM


HOWL!
CLUNK!
DONG!

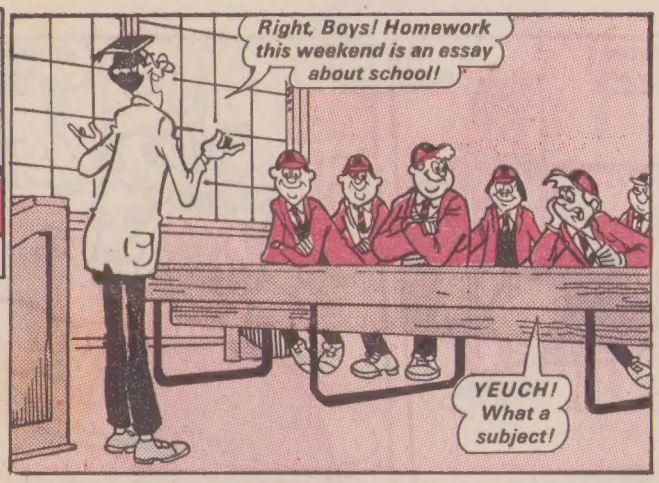
Oo—me bonce-bone!
Rodney landed in the right place—his bell ringing was a load of rubbish!!

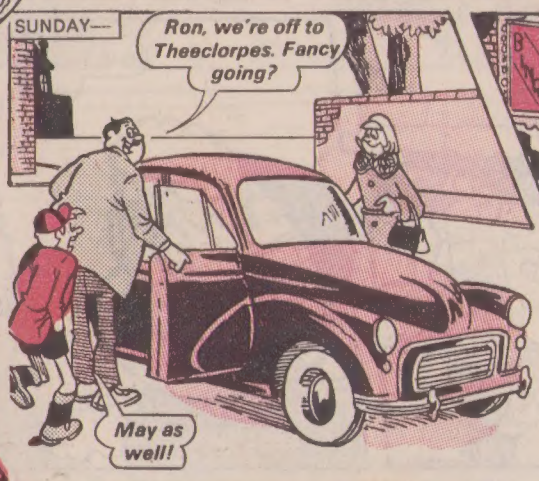
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

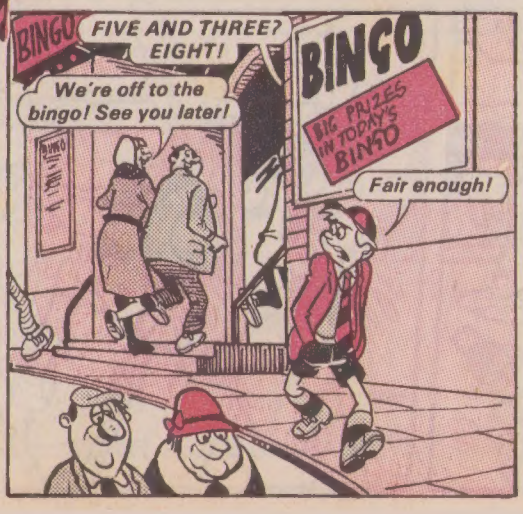

RAH! RAH! It's snowing.
SOON—
Let's make some snow-sculptures, Charles.
WETS
MEANWHILE—
Get out o' me way until I make yer pa's breakfast.
RAASP! Can't yer make a proper snowman?
Let's show those Snobbs a bit about building snowmen.
Peasants. It's a scene from George and the Dragon."
PRESENTLY—
Ho! Ho! They call THAT a snowperson.
'E's not finished yet. Go an' get him some clothes, Hilda.
AND—
HEE! HEE! The snowman is embarrassed to be wearing such awful clothes.
BLUSH
THEN—
Oi! I say "Oi."
NTY. 1.12.84
Yer little blighters— they're me best togs. I'M FLIPPIN' FREEZIN'.
RELIEVED

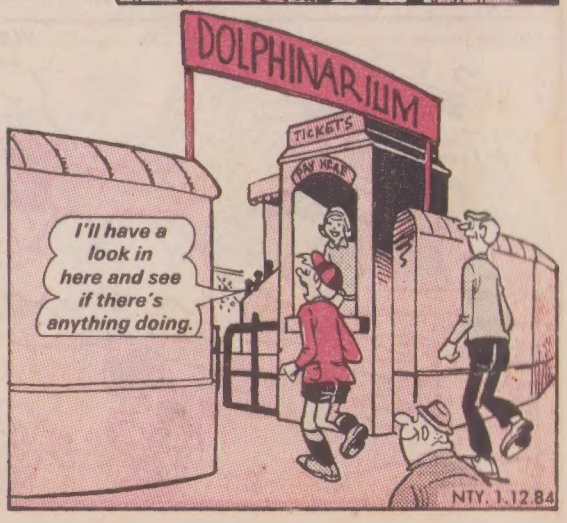

That porridge had better be hot, 'cos I'm freezin'!
Cheeky blighter. I'll give 'im HOT!
HEH! HEH!
VERY HOT CURRY POWDER
This should warm the cockles of yer dear little 'eart!
YEARRRGH!
Warmer, Dearest?
MEANWHILE —
HUH! It's rotten. It doesn't even breathe fire.
That's a fairy-tale. Nothing breathes fire.
BUT—
Wanna bet?
NTY. 1.12.84
BOO-HOO!
'Ave another snowball.
Good ol' Pa.

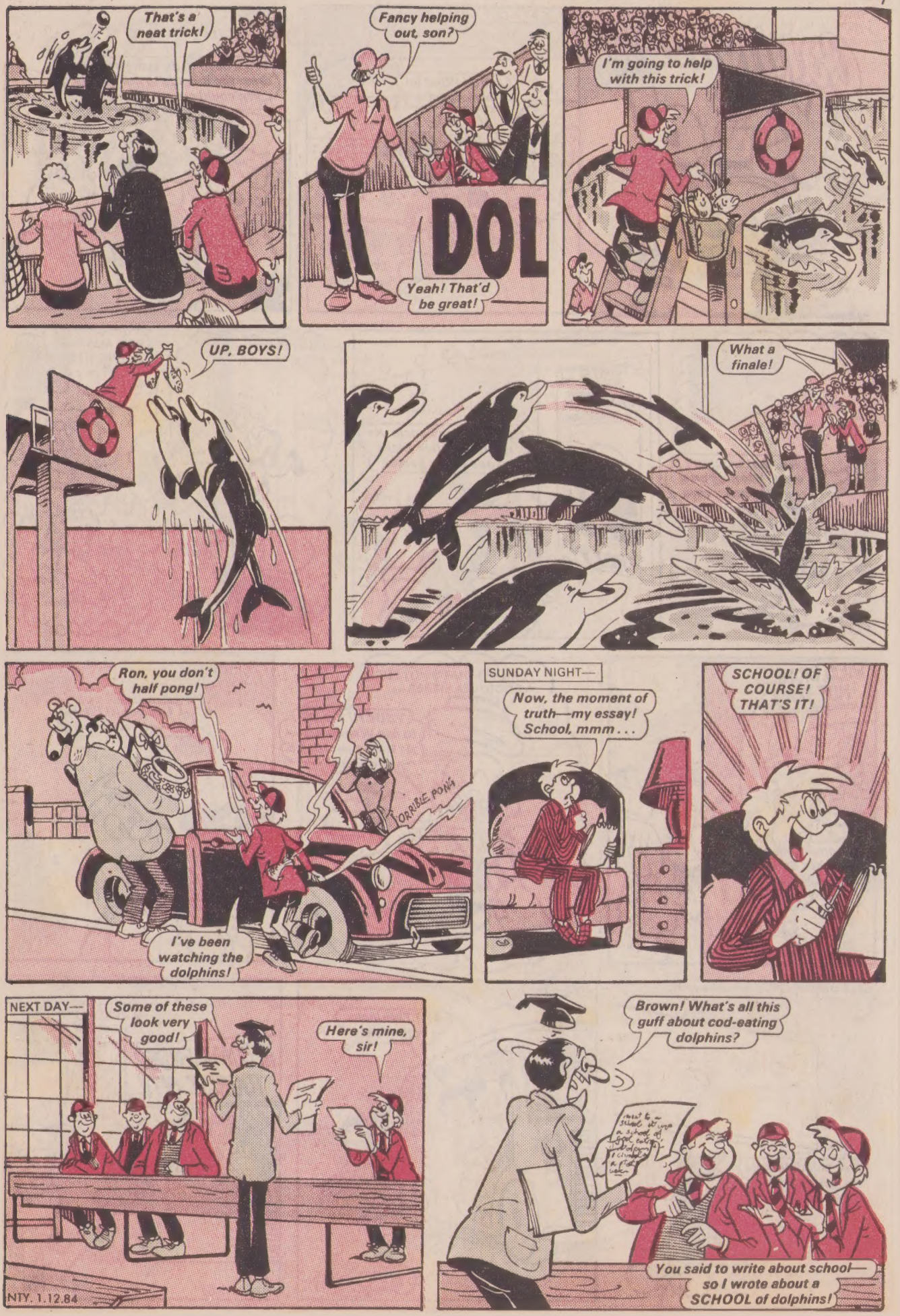
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS



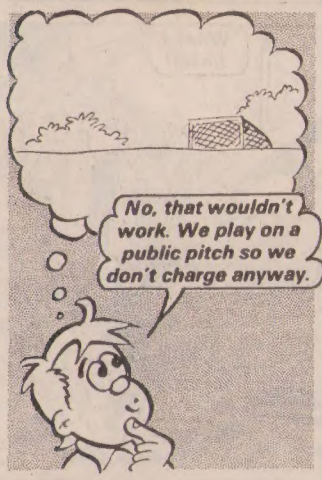


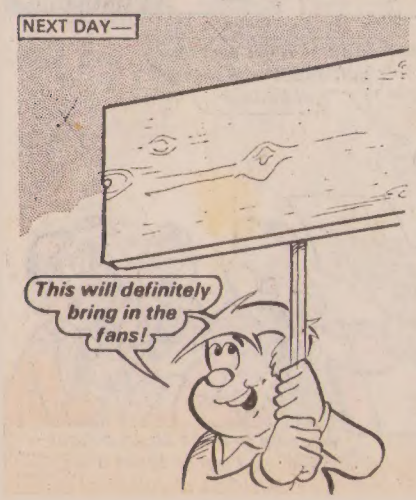




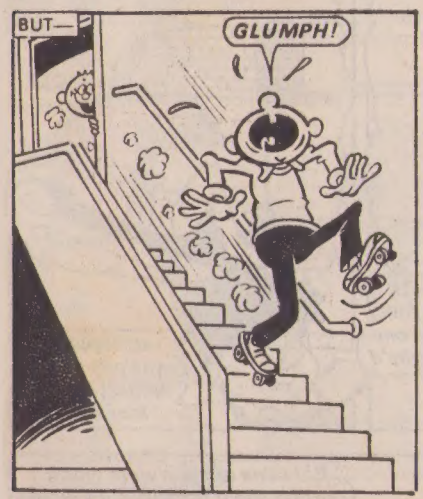

That's a neat trick!
Fancy helping out, son?
Yeah! That'd be great!
I'm going to help with this trick!
UP, BOYS!
What a finale!
Ron, you don't half pong!
I've been watching the dolphins!
SUNDAY NIGHT—
Now, the moment of truth—my essay! School, mmm . . .
SCHOOL! OF COURSE! THAT'S IT!
NEXT DAY—
Some of these look very good!
Here's mine, sir!
NTY. 1.12.84
Brown! What's all this guff about cod-eating dolphins?
You said to write about school—so I wrote about a SCHOOL of dolphins!

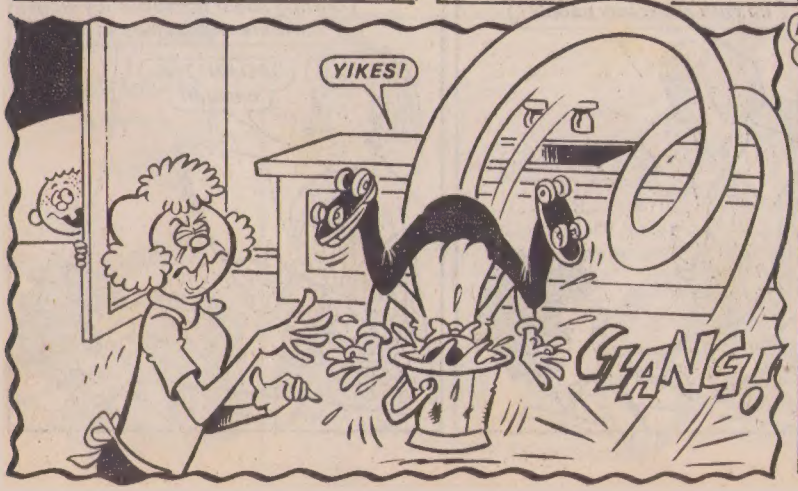
Cannonball Kid

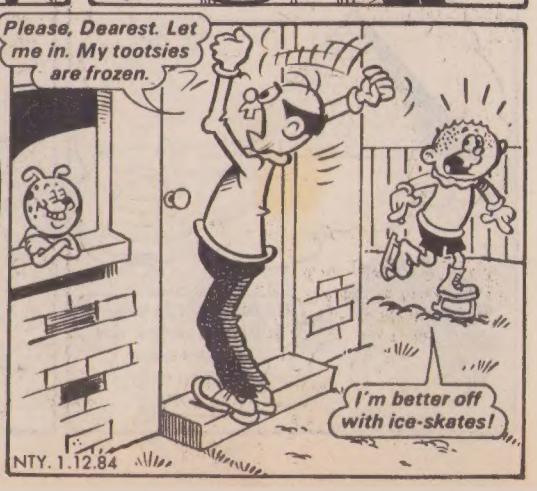




TWEET WILLIAM



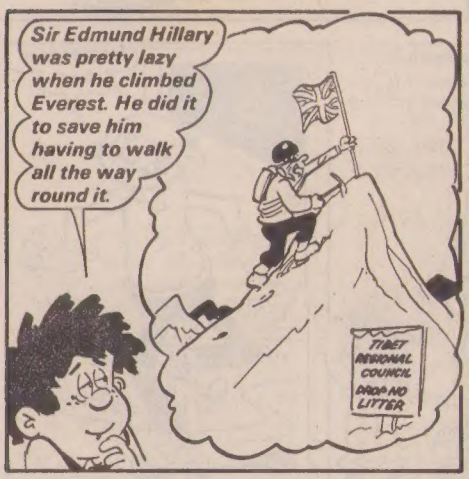




Zzzz
SNOOZER

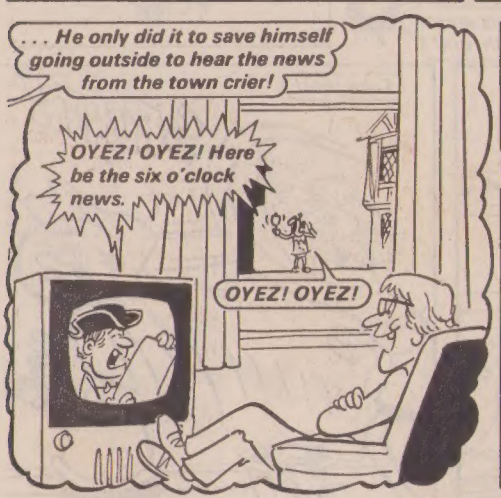
I want you all to write an essay today about famous people.
SNORE!

That includes YOU, Snoozer. You can write about famous LAZY people.
ZZ! Yes, Miss.

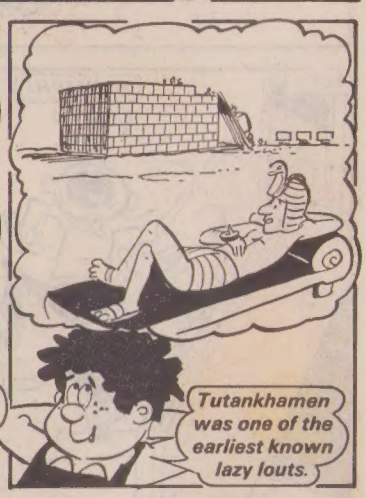

Sir Edmund Hillary was pretty lazy when he climbed Everest. He did it to save him having to walk all the way round it.
TIBET REGIONAL COUNCIL DROP NO LITTER

And King Canute went to all the bother of ordering the waves back,so he wouldn't have to move his sandcastle when the tide came in.

John Logie Baird was really lazy when he invented TV...


... He only did it to save himself going outside to hear the news from the town crier!
OYEZ! OYEZ! Here be the six o'clock news.
OYEZ! OYEZ!

Napoleon's Mum was well known for her laziness. She encouraged him to keep one hand inside his coat so she'd only have to knit him one mitt!

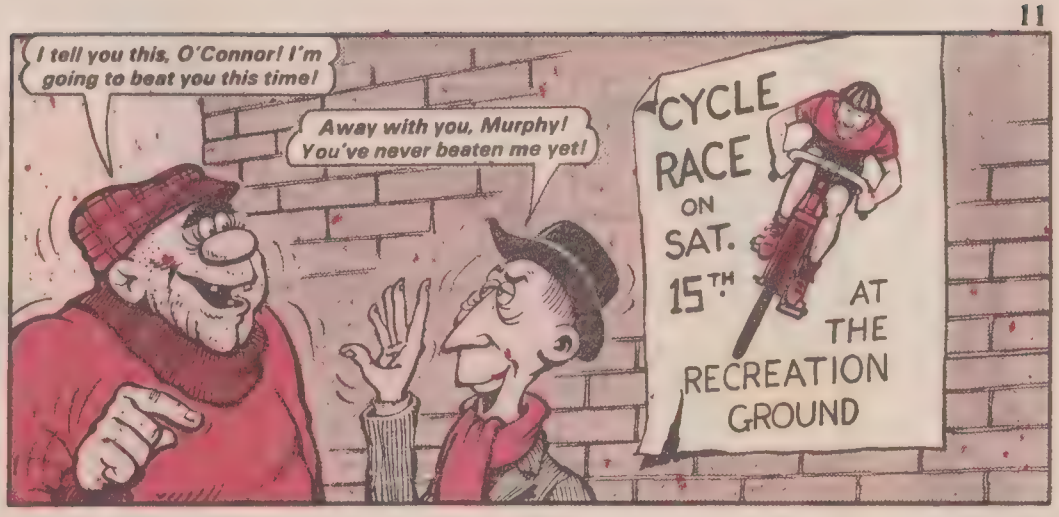

Tutankhamen was one of the earliest known lazy louts.

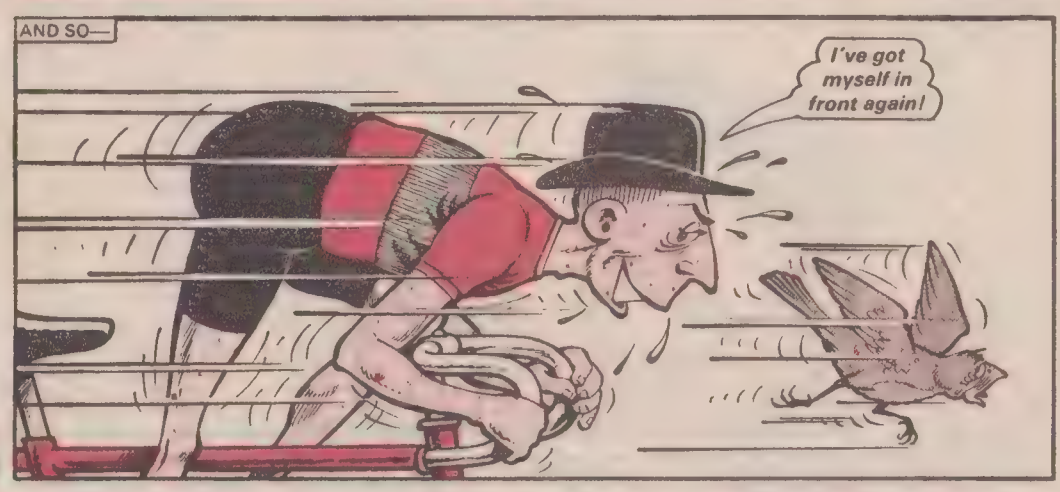
He only had pyramids built that shape 'cos square ones took so long to build.

Well, Snoozer, did you come up with many lazy people?
Oh, yes, Miss.

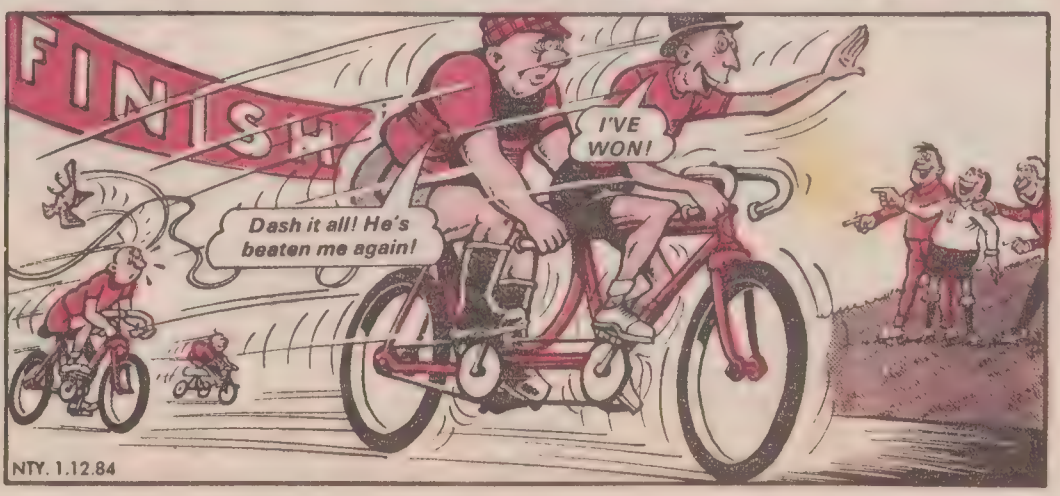
But none of them were worth writing about because they were nowhere near as lazy as ME!
GROAN! True enough!
NTY. 1.12.84

NUTTY TALES


I tell you this, O'Connor! I'm going to beat you this time!
Away with you, Murphy! You've never beaten me yet!
CYCLE RACE ON SAT. 15TH AT THE RECREATION GROUND


AND SO—
I've got myself in front again!

I'm closing on him! I'll pass him on the next bend!


FINISH
I'VE WON!
Dash it all! He's beaten me again!
NTY. 1.12.84

BANANA

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER. TWO DAYS AFTER YESTERDAY—

I love annoying librarians. They're such softies. CHORTLE!

CRIKEY! I know you—you were in that book of Super Toughs—you're CONAN THE LIBRARIAN!

That's me, you puny little insect so no mucking about in MY library.

Here, bury yourself in a book.

DUNK!

UGH! I've always wanted to be in a novel.

LATER—

WOW! What happened, Constables?

GRRAAH!

That muscle-bound berk snaffled our notebooks just when we were booking him for flexing his biceps in a built-up area.

It's time for action, Readers. It's just as well I always use a 'nana as a bookmark.

FOOM!

These aren't library books—I SELL THEM!

BOOKS are BOOKS and they belong in a library.

WOBBLE ME WINGNUTS! There he is with a whole armful.

I'm THROWING THE BOOK at you, Bananaman.

UGH! This could be really ARMFUL!

DURPH!

Defeat for you has long been OVERDUE, Bananaman.

I'll just stamp my authority over old blue bloomers here.

OW! OOH! AAH!

OVERDUE

Now to give him the Conan Book of Torture.

NO! NO! NO!

YES! YES! YES!

Now to finish him off with a bit of LIGHT reading.

MERCY! I'm too wonderful to die. WHIMPER!

Don't panic, Mr B—don't panic!

What do you want, you scrawny brute? Clear off or I'll make you into a feather duster.

PECK! PECK!

NTY. 1.12.84

The early crow catches the worm.

This is no time for proverbs, Crow.

AAGH! It's my dreaded enemy, BOOKWORM!

Well done, Crow. You've helped me WRIGGLE out of trouble again.

Shucks!

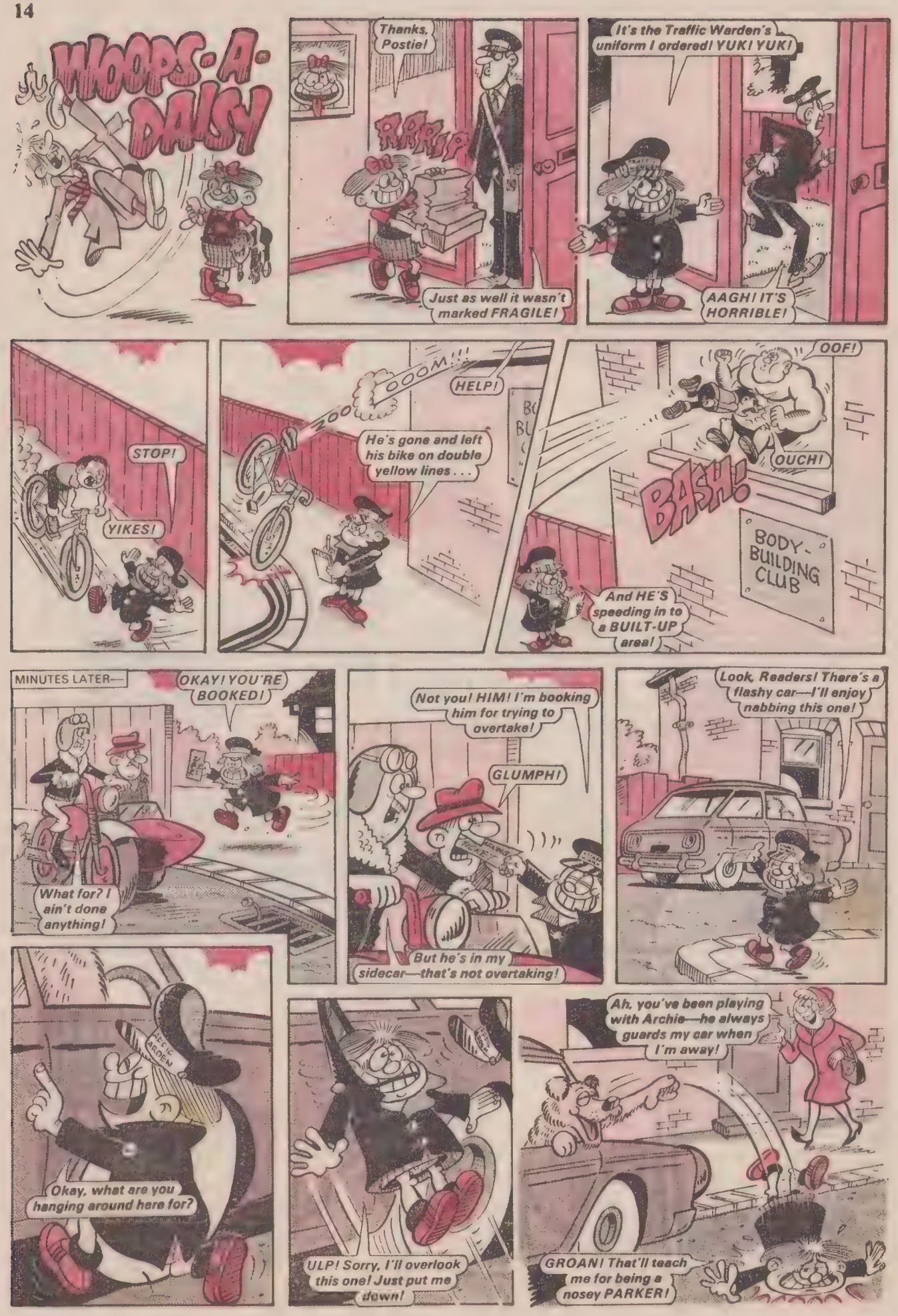
NEXT DAY—

Snarlitty snarl!

Quite a nice chap this Conan the Librarian actually.

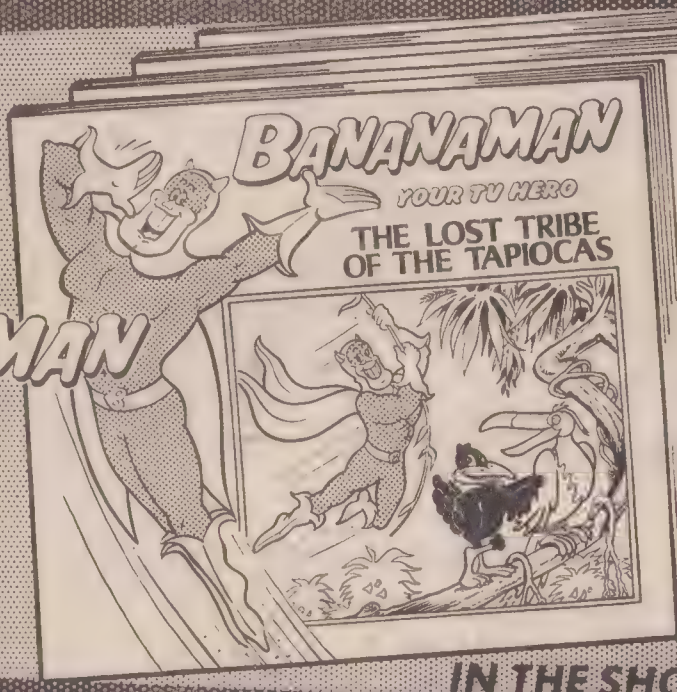
K-keep that b-brute away from me.

NTY. 1.12.84


WHOOPS-A-DAISY
Thanks, Postie!
RRRIP
Just as well it wasn't marked FRAGILE!
It's the Traffic Warden's uniform I ordered! YUK! YUK!
AAGH! IT'S HORRIBLE!
STOP!
YIKES!
OOOM!!!
HELP!
He's gone and left his bike on double yellow lines . . .
OOF!
OUCH!
BASH!
BODY-BUILDING CLUB
And HE'S speeding in to a BUILT-UP area!
MINUTES LATER—
OKAY! YOU'RE BOOKED!
What for? I ain't done anything!
Not you! HIM! I'm booking him for trying to overtake!
GLUMPH!
But he's in my sidecar—that's not overtaking!
Look, Readers! There's a flashy car—I'll enjoy nabbing this one!
Okay, what are you hanging around here for?
ULP! Sorry, I'll overlook this one! Just put me down!
Ah, you've been playing with Archie—he always guards my car when I'm away!
GROAN! That'll teach me for being a nosey PARKER!

4 SPARKLING FULL-COLOUR STORY BOOKS

THEY'RE NEW ... featuring BANANAMAN AS SEEN ON TV



THE BIG BREAKOUT

THE TUNNEL OF TERROR

BANANAMAN MEETS DOCTOR GLOOM

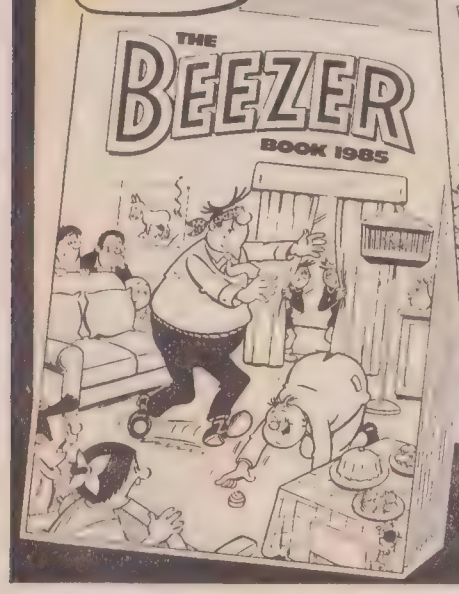
75p each

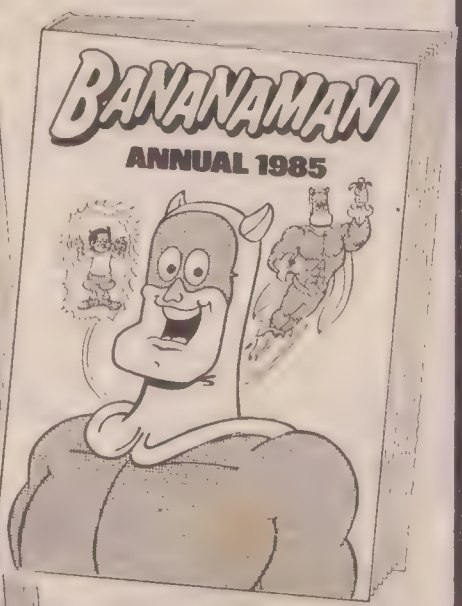
IN THE SHOPS NOW!

GET the SET!

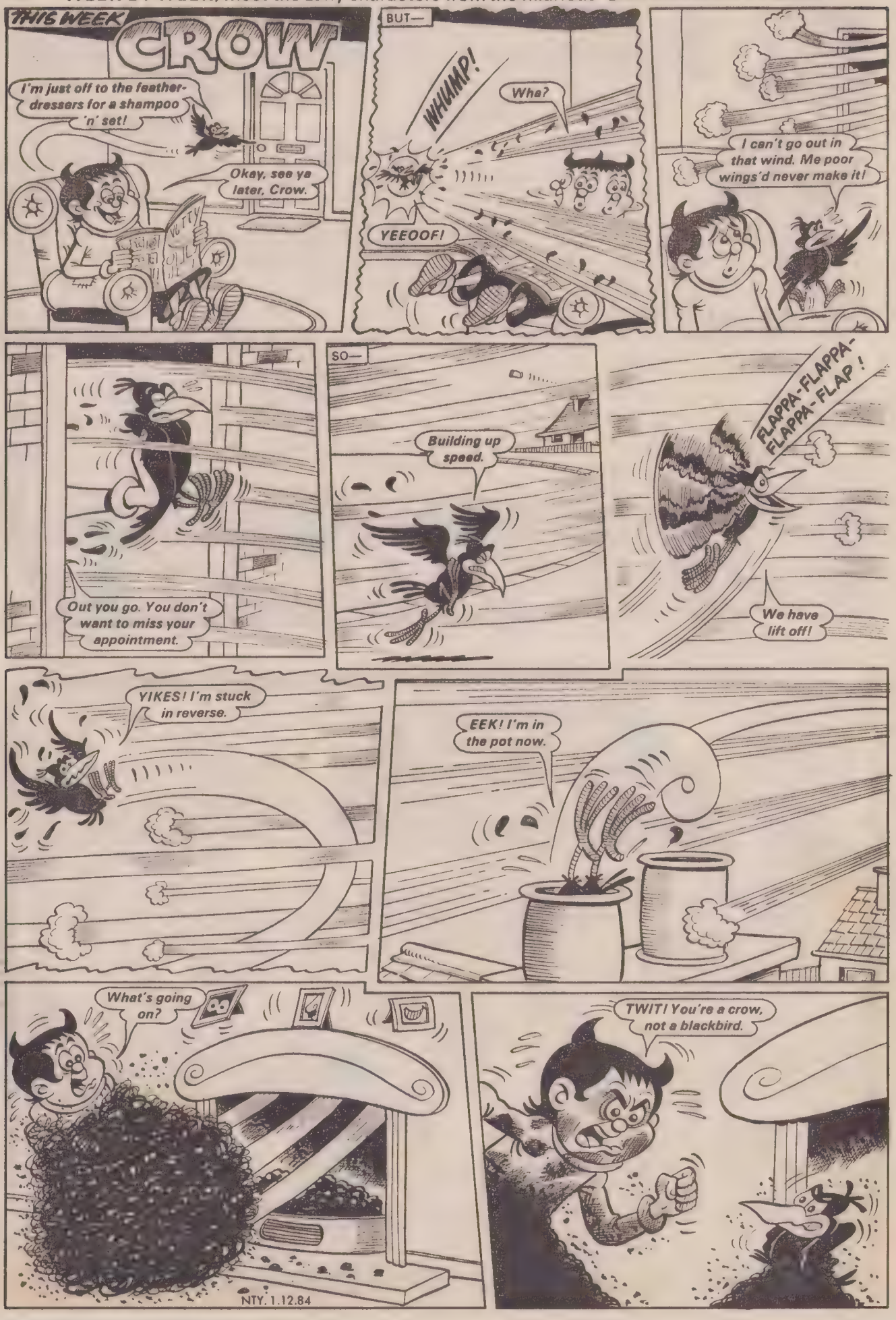
NTY. 1.12.84

THEY'RE A GRAND BUNCH!



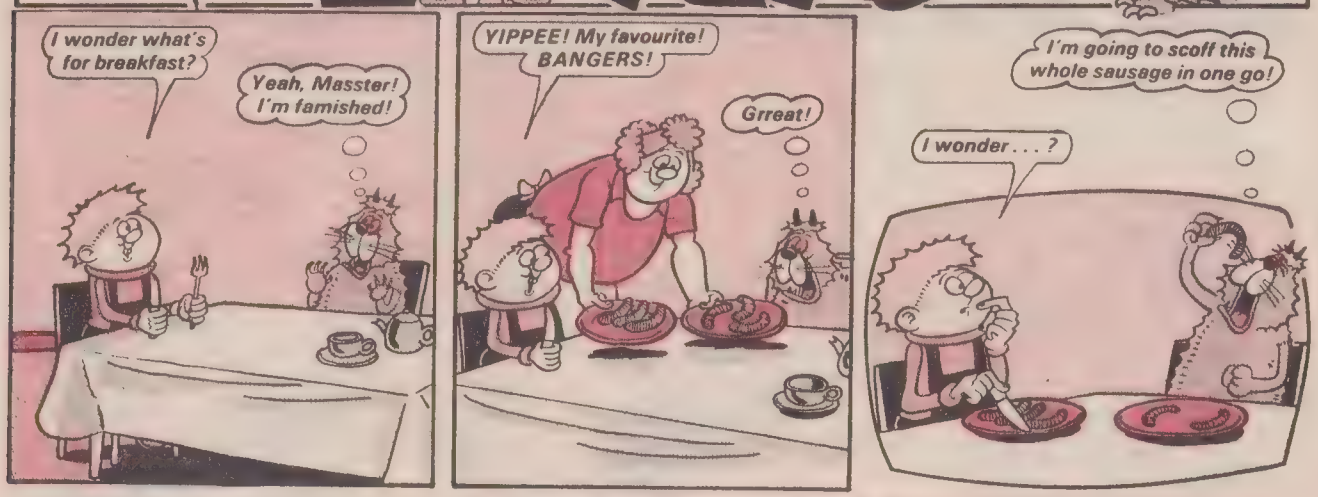


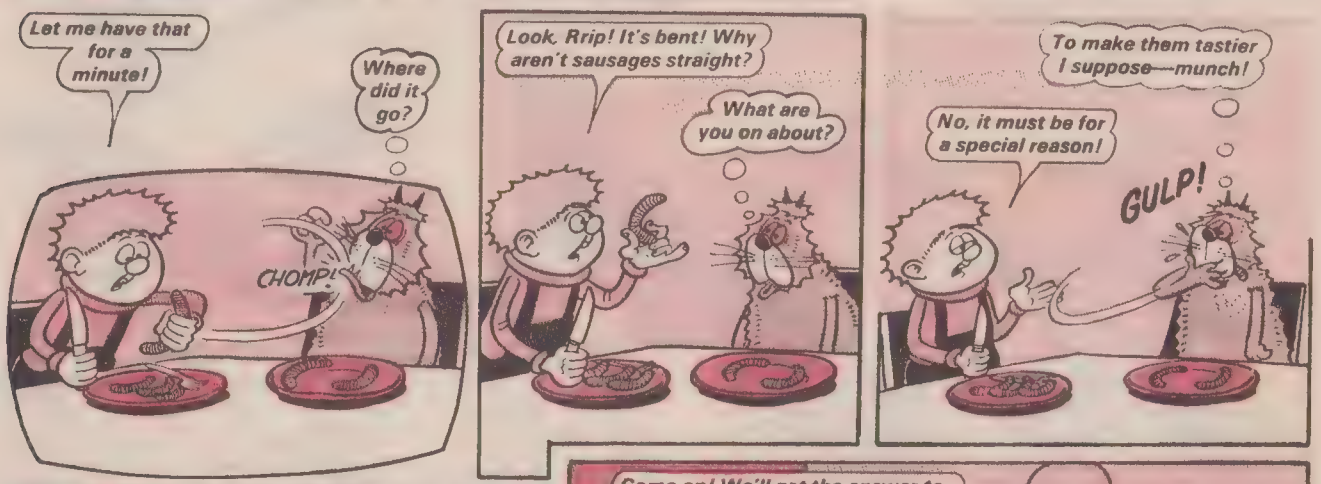
NOW ON SALE £2·20 EACH


THIS WEEK
CROW
I'm just off to the feather-dressers for a shampoo 'n' set!
Okay, see ya later, Crow.
BUT—
WHAMP!
Wha?
YEEOOF!
I can't go out in that wind. Me poor wings'd never make it!
Out you go. You don't want to miss your appointment.
SO—
Building up speed.
FLAPPA-FLAPPA-FLAPPA-FLAP!
We have lift off!
YIKES! I'm stuck in reverse.
EEK! I'm in the pot now.
What's going on?
TWIT! You're a crow, not a blackbird.
NTY. 1.12.84

Now, get out!
OOH! Me botty!
PUFF! Must struggle on. PANT!
BUT—
Eric
GROAN! Here we go again.
CLAP! CLAP!
Hello! Sounds like the postman.
NUTTY
TCH! It's that FIRST CLASS fool again.
PRESENTLY—
Hey, there's the answer to my problem.
I'll just climb in.
BUT—
PHOOM!
DR GLOOM. BANANAMAN'S ARCH ENEMY.
Now to hit Eric's house.
CRASH!
AND—
TIPPY-TOE!
GROAN! What a bang. But at least Crow had nothing to do with it this time!
NTY. 1.12.84

NIP and RRIP


I wonder what's for breakfast?
Yeah, Masster! I'm famished!
YIPPEE! My favourite! BANGERS!
Grreat!
I'm going to scoff this whole sausage in one go!
I wonder . . . ?

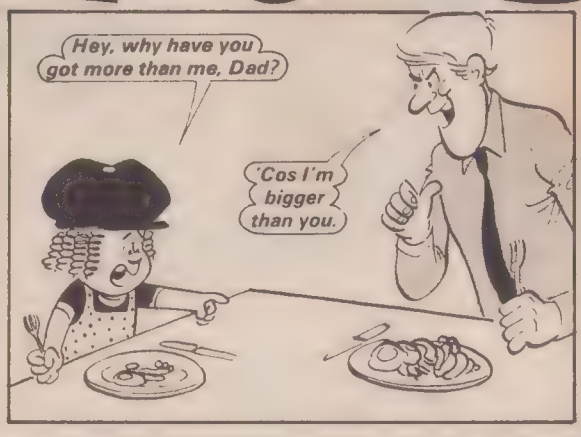

Let me have that for a minute!
Where did it go?
CHOMP!
Look, Rrip! It's bent! Why aren't sausages straight?
What are you on about?
To make them tastier I suppose—munch!
No, it must be for a special reason!
GULP!

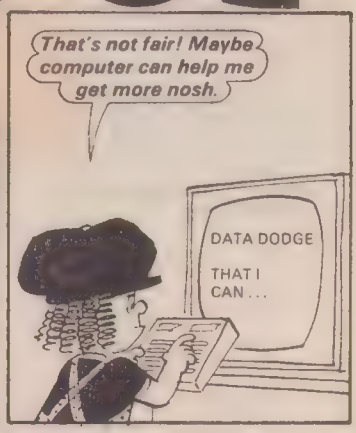
LATER—
Look, Masster! Bananas are bent too!
Yeah, but that's simple! They grow that way!
Come on! We'll get the answer to bent sausages in here!
NUTTYTOWN POLLYTECHNIC
I'm not interested in why bangers are bent!
NTY. 1.12.84

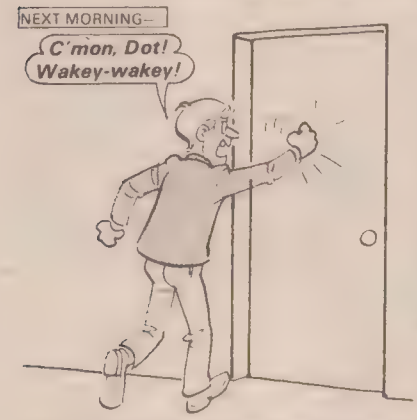
Professor Lorn is an expert on sausage-meat! We'll ask him!
I've never heard of him!
PROFESSOR LORN
Professor, could you tell me why sausages aren't straight?
Of course! I'm doing a study on that very subject!
This is the Mongolian sausage. Now, its curve is-blah-blah-blah . . .
If this wasn't December I'd swear this was an April Fool's story!
. . . And these ones from Venezuela are even stranger . . .
. . . when fried they make a "V" shape!
WOW!
GULP! And "V" is for Very good!
He's a hungry pussy, isn't he?
What facts have you come up with, Prof?
Well, it goes back to Roman times!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
This Roman butcher had two British slaves! They were always trying to escape!
I've made this chain out of tough sausage meat to stop you running away!
BUT—
There—that's it done!
We're free!
. . . AND THEY USED THEIR CHAIN TO EAT WHILE THEY WERE ON THE RUN—
Halve them, Demetrius! They'll fit better in the pan!
And that's why sausages are curved!
And because of the chain they got the name LINKS!
MYUK! MYUK!
NTY. 1 12 84

MICRO DOT

TEA-TIME, DOT!
Good! I'm starving.

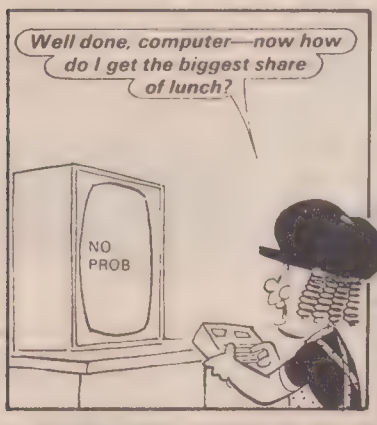

Hey, why have you got more than me, Dad?
'Cos I'm bigger than you.


That's not fair! Maybe computer can help me get more nosh.
DATA DODGE
THAT I CAN...

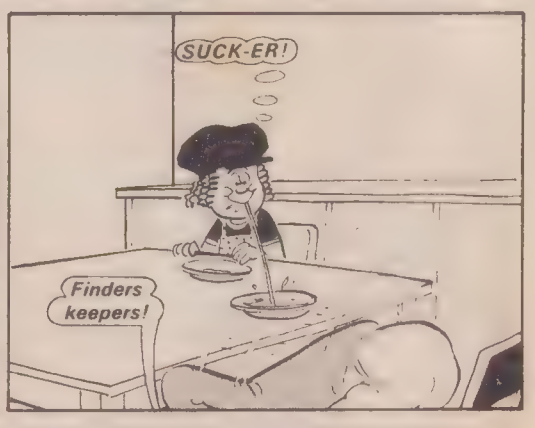

NEXT MORNING—
C'mon, Dot! Wakey-wakey!

I said GET UP! Hmm! She's not here.

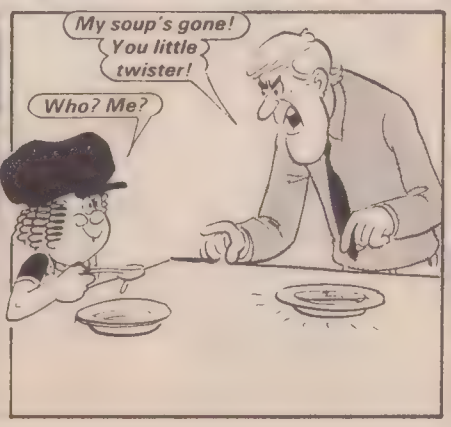
DOWN STAIRS—
You're here? And where's MY breakfast?
In here! The early Dot gets the bacon an' eggs.


Well done, computer—now how do I get the biggest share of lunch?
NO PROB

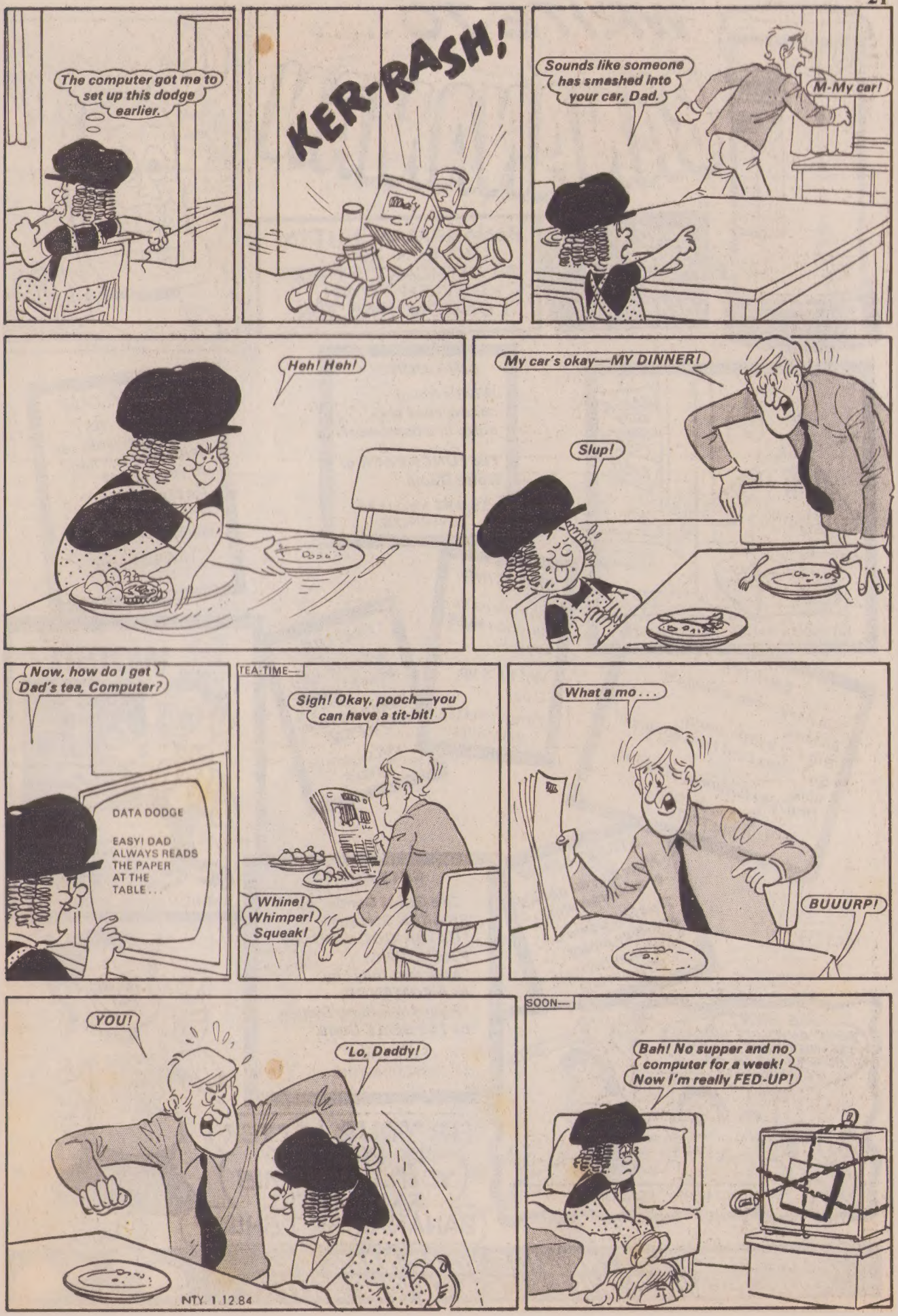
LUNCHTIME
Oops! I've dropped some money.
OLD FOREIGN COINS


SUCK-ER!
Finders keepers!

GRR! A pile of old francs! I smell a dodge!

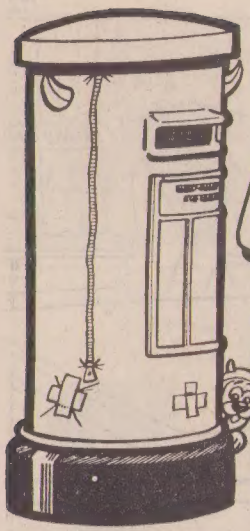

My soup's gone! You little twister!
Who? Me?

Well, you're not getting my sossies an' mash.
Wanna bet?


The computer got me to set up this dodge earlier.
KER-RASH!
Sounds like someone has smashed into your car, Dad.
M-My car!
Heh! Heh!
My car's okay—MY DINNER!
Slup!
Now, how do I get Dad's tea, Computer?
DATA DODGE
EASY! DAD ALWAYS READS THE PAPER AT THE TABLE...
TEA-TIME—
Sigh! Okay, pooch—you can have a tit-bit!
Whine! Whimper! Squeak!
What a mo...
BUUURP!
YOU!
'Lo, Daddy!
NTY. 1.12.84
SOON—
Bah! No supper and no computer for a week! Now I'm really FED-UP!

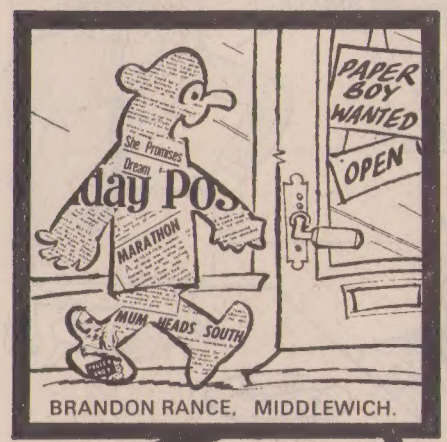
WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,' P.O. BOX 263, . 20 CATHCART STREET, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON NW5 3BN.



BRANDON RANCE, MIDDLEWICH.

DING-DONG!

What's full of sandwiches and hides in a belltower?

The LUNCHPACK of Notre Dame.

STUART McLELLAN, INVERNESS.

STIRRING TALE

PSYCHIATRIST— Do you stir your tea with your left hand or your right?

PATIENT— Neither, I use a spoon.

LAWRIE BLAIR, TOTTENHAM.

SHOCKING!

What does an electric rabbit say?

WATT'S up, Doc?

FIONA PALMER, BELLSHILL.

INK! OINK!

When is a pig able to write?

When he turns into a PEN.

IAN CLARK, LEWES

SHIRTY!

I've never seen a straight banana,
But I'm a little squirt.
So I'd say I did for a couple of quid,
Or a nice Bananaman shirt!

CRAIG GELDER, SHEFFIELD.

WOTSIT?

A CHINESE TAKE-AWAY

ANDREW SMITH, DARTFORD.

STREET SENSE

How do you get rid of a boomerang?

Throw it down a one-way street.

PAM BARROWMAN, ROTHERHAM.

SILLY SONGS

'The Ghost Dance' by SHAKEN Stevens.
'GA-GA-GOO-GOO' by Paul YOUNG.
'Milk and Jelly' by BLANCMANGE.
'Ring Something Simple' by The BELLE Stars.

IAN LONG, HEADINGTON.

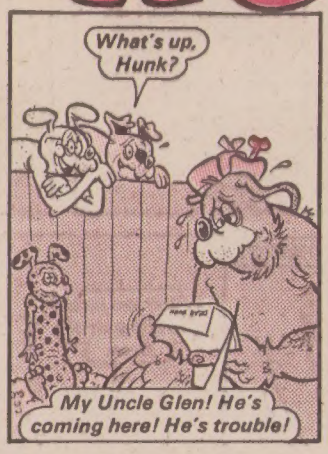
NTY. 1.12.84

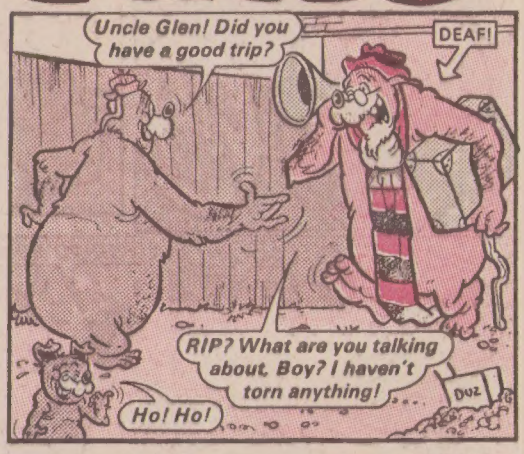
RAYMOND BERRY, LONDON.

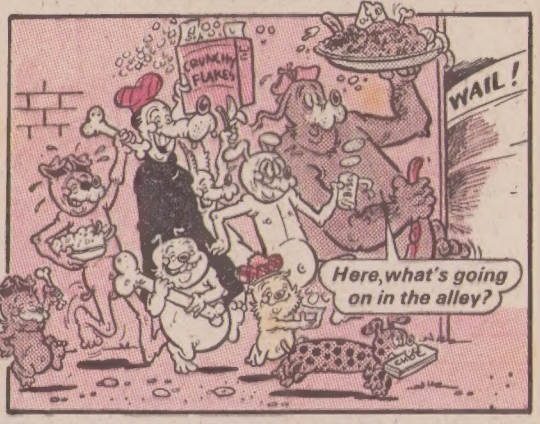
IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

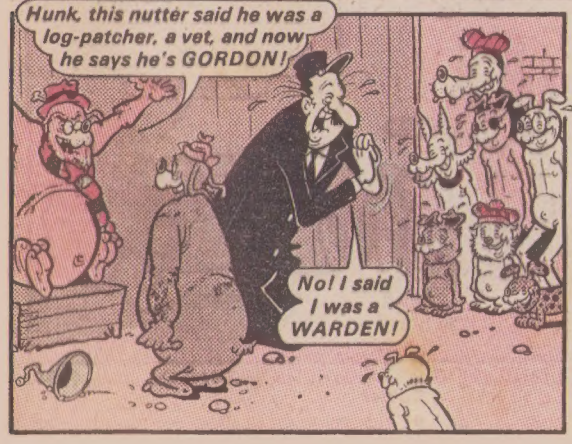
DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS









CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
Me's going driving—you wanna play, Dad?
Nope! I'm gonna stay sat sitting down here.
Go away, child! I'm not moving!
Me'll test my car tyres same way as Dad does.
OOYAH!
By kickin' 'em, that is!
OWOWOWOWOWOW!
Next, me'll fill up wiv petrol.
First me puts in the petrol hose.
Then presses the button for four star petrol.
ZONK!
ZZ
Me's going for a drive. Tsk! Pesky traffic lights.
Traffic lights go RED . . .
STOP!
. . . Then AMBER . . .
HELP!
SPINNN!!!
OOO! I feel ill!
. . . Then GREEN!
Heh! Heh! Me'd better drive off.
THEN—
Good, you've been playing with Cuddles, Dad.
Huh! Daddy never play wiv me—him never got off his seat.

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